


SPAWN

BT 105

150



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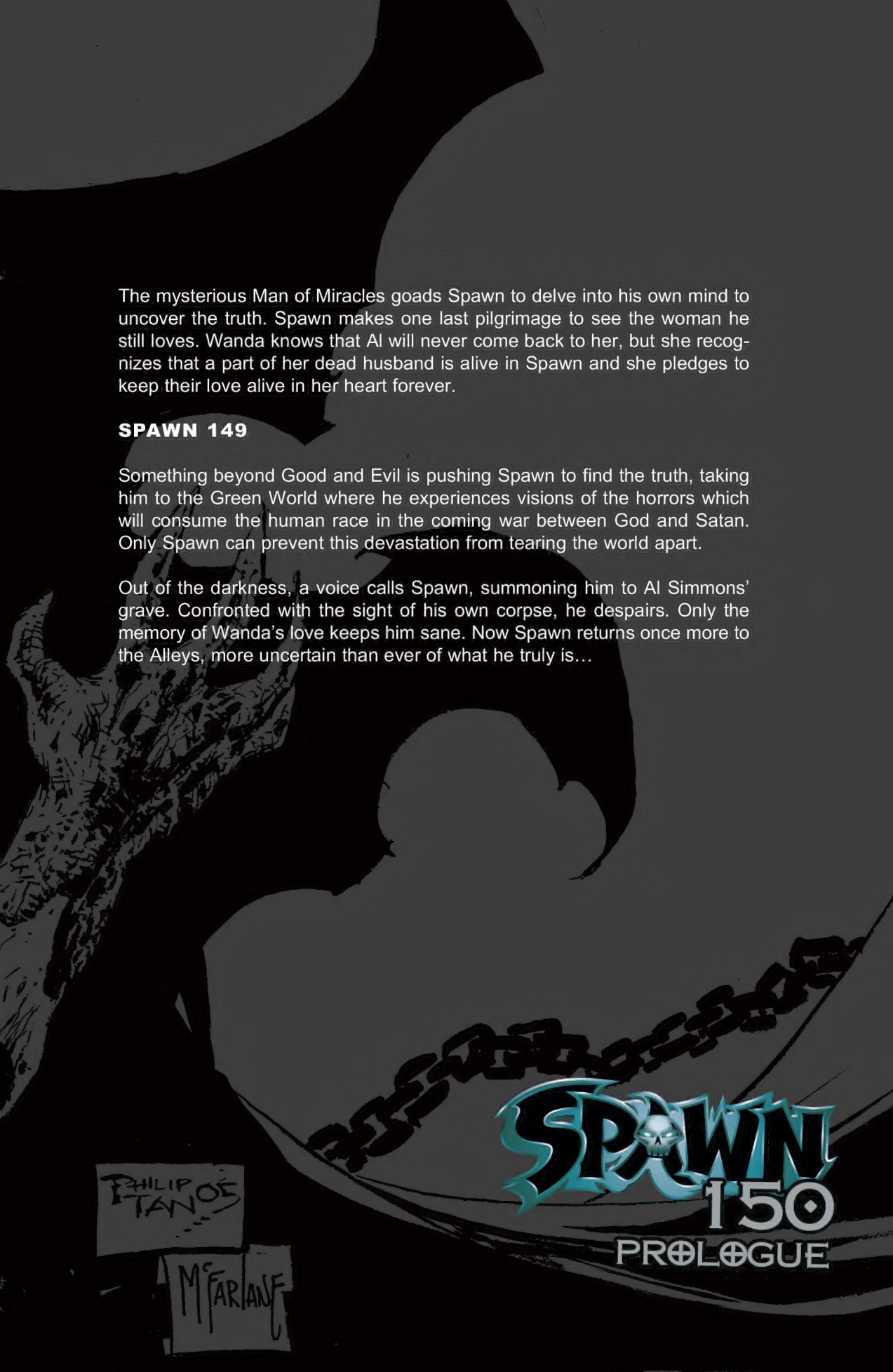
DEDICATED TO: Chester Brown

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TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
SPAWN.COM





The mysterious Man of Miracles goads Spawn to delve into his own mind to uncover the truth. Spawn makes one last pilgrimage to see the woman he still loves. Wanda knows that Al will never come back to her, but she recognizes that a part of her dead husband is alive in Spawn and she pledges to keep their love alive in her heart forever.

SPAWN 149

Something beyond Good and Evil is pushing Spawn to find the truth, taking him to the Green World where he experiences visions of the horrors which will consume the human race in the coming war between God and Satan. Only Spawn can prevent this devastation from tearing the world apart.

Out of the darkness, a voice calls Spawn, summoning him to Al Simmons' grave. Confronted with the sight of his own corpse, he despairs. Only the memory of Wanda's love keeps him sane. Now Spawn returns once more to the Alleys, more uncertain than ever of what he truly is...

PHILIP
TAN

McFARLANE

SPAWN
150
PROLOGUE



WITH
THIS
RING
I...

WANDA...
HOW COULD
I HAVE...
WANDA!

I
REMEMBER
NOW.

HOW COULD
I EVER HAVE
FORGOTTEN?



IT'S ALL COMING BACK, ALL AT ONCE. SO MANY MEMORIES I THINK I MIGHT DROWN.

MY LIFE... OUR LIFE...

MY DEATH...

MY REBIRTH AS THIS MONSTER...



THE REASON I
MADE THIS CURSED
BARGAIN.

THE REASON
I HAD TO
COME BACK.

JUST TO SEE
HER ONE MORE
TIME.

AND TO MAKE
THIS WORLD A
BETTER, SAFER
PLACE...FOR
HER...AND FOR
THOSE SHE
LOVES.



WANDA.

HOW COULD
I HAVE
FORGOTTEN?

I'LL HAVE MY
REVENGE FOR THIS
CRUELTY, FOR THIS
VICIOUS GAME
PLAYED UPON ME.

BUT FIRST, I
HAVE TO GO
BACK.

BACK TO
WHERE IT
ALL
BEGAN.



Interlude

Al Simmons never believed in God or the Devil. He had his own conception of Good and Evil, a moral code that allowed him to kill at the behest of his country's covert forces.

That all changed when his own commanding officer betrayed him. Jason Wynn had ambitions far beyond serving his country and when those ambitions required the death of his finest field officer, he gave the order for Al's execution without hesitation. As the bullet ripped through Al Simmons' brain, his last thought was of his beloved wife, Wanda. And at the moment of his death he heard a voice asking what he would do to see her face once more. The answer he gave condemned him: "Anything..."

Al's soul entered the abyss and he was reborn as a Hellspawn – a creature of necroplasm, symbiotically linked to a living costume. He returned to live among the homeless losers of society in a desolate area of New York known as The Alleys. His challenge was to survive or die a second time, with no hope of return. His purpose, to learn to control the immeasurable power his new body contained. If he survived he would join the other Hellspawn recruited by Hell over the millennia, to lead the demon hordes in the coming battle against the forces of Heaven.

The End Times are coming and both Heaven and Hell have realized that this Spawn is different, greater than any that has come before. But Spawn rejected the authority of both Heaven and Hell. He slew his demon Lord Malebolgia and when he was offered the vacant throne of Hell he rejected that too. Spawn has no desire for power. His only need, his only obsession, is the love of his wife, Wanda.

But when Al Simmons returned in the twisted body of Spawn, he found that five years had passed since his death, and Wanda was remarried to Al's best friend, Terry Fitzgerald. They had a daughter, Cyan, and Al knew that he could never take back his place at Wanda's side.

Spawn spent years in endless conflict as the forces of Heaven and Hell contended for his loyalties, each knowing that he holds the key to victory in the coming conflict. Lord Mammon, ambitious to take control of Hell, has set out to discover the hidden truth. He stripped away Spawn's memories of his life with Wanda, hoping to uncover the truth that lay beneath those memories.

Now other forces have intervened.

THE LAUGHTER
OF CHILDREN...

...THE WHISPER OF
A BREEZE THROUGH
ALFALFA GRASS...

...THE LAPPING
OF GENTLE
WAVES ON A
SUN-KISSED
BEACH...

...THE
SOFT VELVET
OF A
LOVER'S
SIGH...

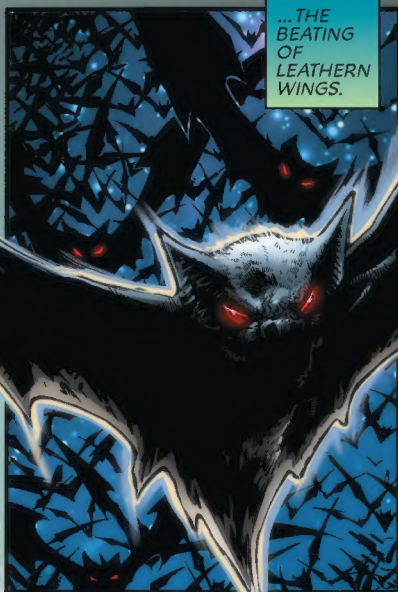
HE COULD DESCRIBE
THESE SOUNDS AS
ABSTRACTIONS...AS
IDEAS... BUT THE
SOUNDS THEMSELVES
ARE GONE, ERASED
FROM HIS MEMORY...

...AS
INSUBSTANTIAL
AS SMOKE
AND
SHADOWS...





HIS MIND IS
FILLED INSTEAD
WITH THE
CHITTERING OF
NIGHT
CREATURES...



...THE
BEATING
OF
LEATHERN
WINGS.



THEY ARE
DRAWN TO
HIM LIKE
VERMIN TO
A ROTTING
CARCASS...



...DRAWN TO HIS
DARKNESS...

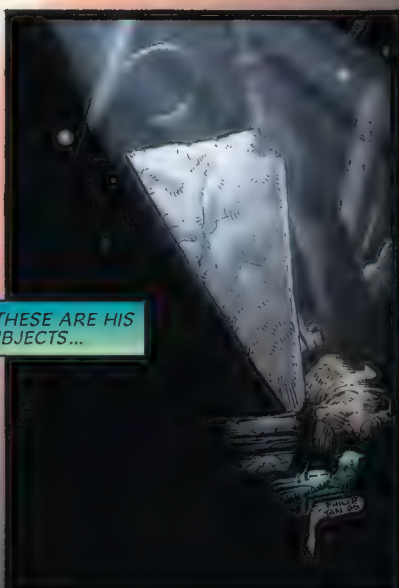
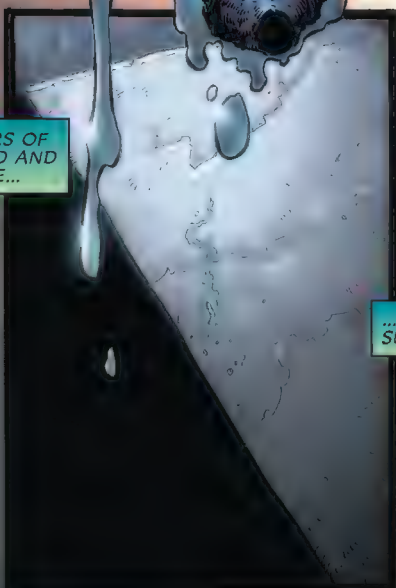
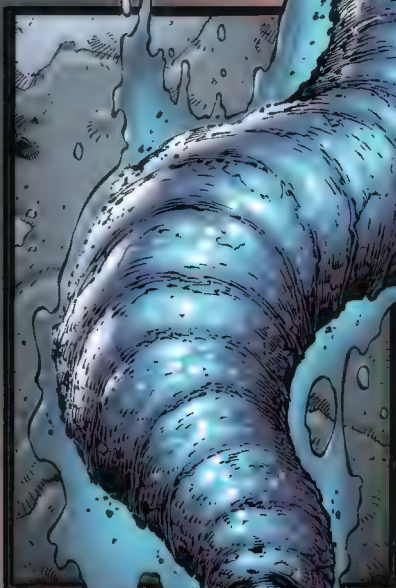
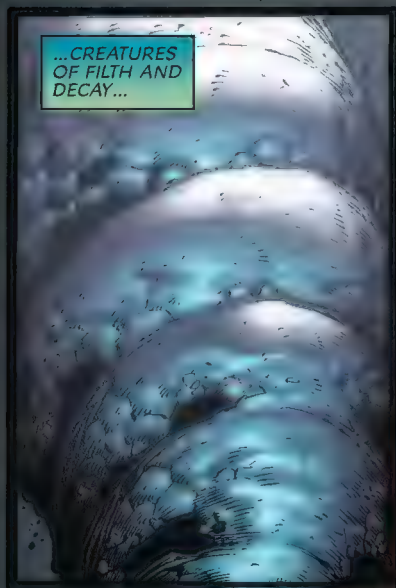
HE HAS NO
FELLOWSHIP WITH
BEAUTY, GRACE
OR MAJESTY.

HE IS LORD OF
COCKROACHES,
MAGGOTS,
BEETLES, LICE...

...CREATURES
OF FILTH AND
DECAY...

...HAUNTERS OF
GRAVEYARD AND
SEPULCHRE...

...THESE ARE HIS
SUBJECTS...



"...THIS
IS HIS
REALM..."

"I SLEPT...
I WAS
DREAMING..."

"...THE WORLD WAS
GREEN AND FILLED
WITH LIGHT... AND
EVERYWHERE, THE
SOUND OF BEATING
WINGS..."

"...FLIGHTS
OF
ANGELS..."

"NO!"

"GODDAMMIT!"

"I'M
BACK!"



"NO MATTER
HOW FAR I TRAVEL,
NO MATTER WHAT
TWISTED PATHS I
FOLLOW, I ALWAYS
END UP HERE...IN
THESE STINKING
ALLEYS!"

"I WAS
OFFERED THE
THRONE OF
HELL AND I
TURNED IT
DOWN FOR
THIS..."



NOW
WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
THERE?

WERE
YOU WAITING
FOR ME?



COME
ON
THEN.

CHIT

OUT OF THE SHADOWS THEY COME, HIS FAITHFUL SUBJECTS, THE BUZZING, WRITHING, SQUIRMING HORDE...

HE HAS DOMINION OVER EVERY CREEPING THING THAT CREEPETH UPON THE EARTH...

CHIT

CHRTT

CHRTT

CHITTER

SKRITCH

CHITTER

SKRRRT

YES, THAT'S IT, COME TO ME, ALL OF YOU...

...NEST IN ME...

CHRTT

CHRTT

CHITTER

SKRTT

CHRTT

SRRT

CHITTER

SKRITCH

CHTT

SKRTT

SRRT

...MAKE THIS EMPTY SHELL YOUR HOME...

SKRRRTT



WELCOME
TO THE BUG
HOUSE!!



MY KINGDOM.

MY THRONE.

A CHEAP
STAGE-PROP
IN A FILTHY
ALLEY.

SKRITCH

CHIT CHIT

CHRTT
CHRTT

CHIT
CHIT

THE CREATURES
IN SPAWN'S HEAD
ARE RESTLESS...
THEY SCRAPE
AND SCRATCH...

SPIDERS ARE
WEAVING
WEBS IN HIS
BRAIN...

SUCKING MOUTHS...
TWITCHING MANDIBLES...
TINY INSECT VOICES
CLAMORING...

CHIT
CHIT

CHIT

SKRITCH
SKRITCH
SKRT

CHIT
CHIT

I CAN'T
HEAR.

YOU'RE
ALL
TALKING
AT
ONCE...

...I CAN'T...

...JUST...FOR
CHRISSAKE...

...SHUT
UP!

SKRITCH

CHIT
CHIT

CHIT
CHIT

SKRT

CHIT
CHIT
CHIT

SKRT

CHIT
CHIT
CHIT

CHIT
CHITTER
CHIT
CHIT
CHIT

SHUT
UP!

SKRRRT

SKRIT
CHIT

CHIT
SKRIT
CHRRRT

CHITTER
CHIT

CHIT

SHUT
UP!

SKRITCH
SKRIT

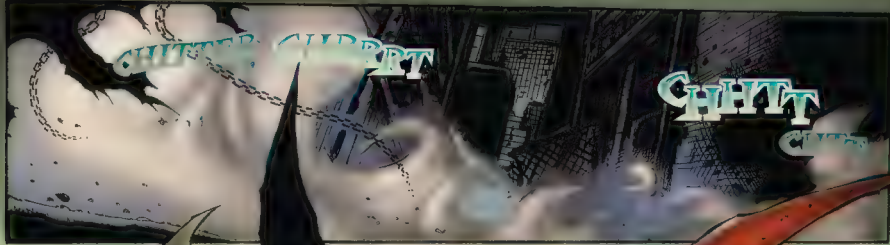
CHIT
SKRIT
SKRIT

CHRRRT
SKRRRT
SKRITCH

SHUT
UP!!

SKRITCH
CHIT

SKRRRTT
SKRITCH



THE DEAD ZONE...

AN INVISIBLE
FRONTIER IS
CROSSED...

...AND
SPAWN
FEELS HIS
ENERGY
INSTANTLY
DISSIPATE.

WHAT
IS
THIS?!

HAVE YOU
STILL NOT
LEARNED?

YOU ARE NOT
WANTED HERE,
HELLSPAWN.

YOU ARE
WITHIN HEAVEN'S
JURISDICTION.

TURN
AROUND
AND LEAVE
THIS PLACE!

NO.
WHAT
GIVES YOU
THE RIGHT TO
TELL ME WHERE
I GO?

I AM THE
DISCIPLE.

FIRST AND
GREATEST OF
HEAVEN'S
WARRIORS.

XIII



THE
GREATEST?

HEAVEN SENDS
ITS GREATEST WARRIOR
TO STOP ME FROM
COMING HERE?

NOW WHY
WOULD THAT
BE?



YOUR ODOR
OFFENDS US,
HELLSPAWN!

YOU
CARRY THE
STENCH OF DECAY
AND CORRUPTION
AND UNREPENTED
SIN!



NOW TAKE
YOUR WORTHLESS
CORPSE AWAY FROM
HERE OR I WILL TEAR
YOU APART, BODY
AND SOUL!



I'VE GOT
A BELLY FULL
OF COCKROACHES,
THERE ARE MAGGOTS
CRAWLING AROUND
UNDER MY SKIN.

I'VE BEEN
SHOT, BEATEN,
TORN LIMB BY
LIMB! I'VE HAD
THE FLESH
BURNED FROM
MY BONES!

DO YOU
THINK FOR ONE
MINUTE I'M GOING
TO BE
INTIMIDATED BY
YOU?!

YOU HAVE
NO POWER
HERE.

YOU ARE
NOTHING!

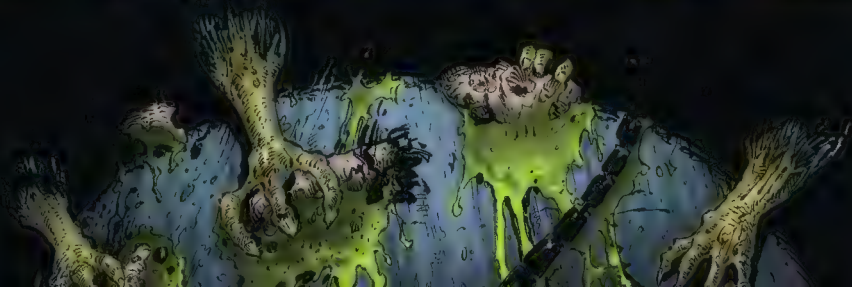
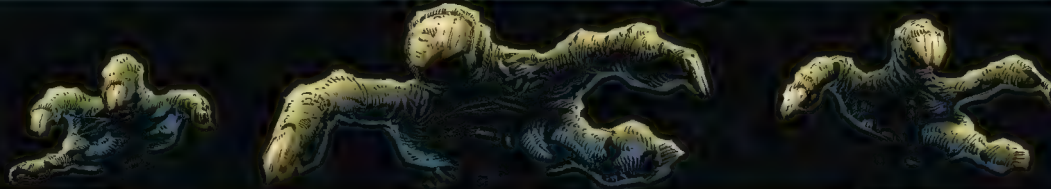
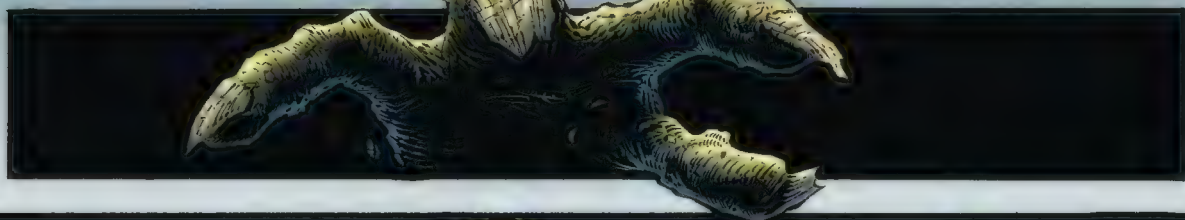
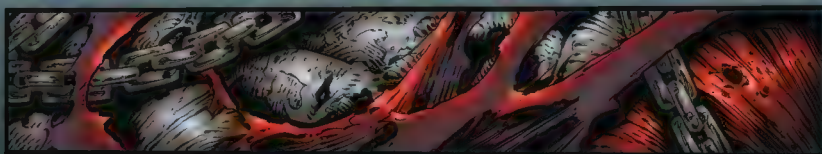
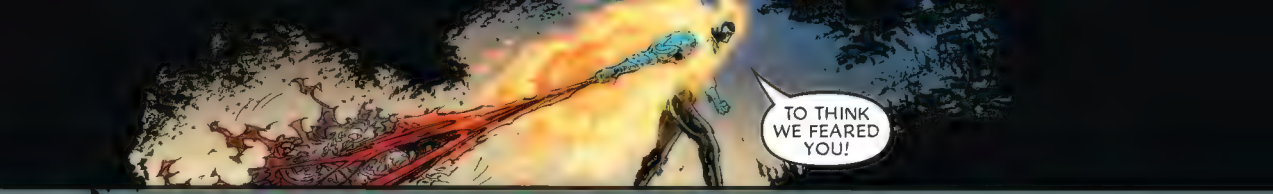
WITHOUT ANOTHER
THOUGHT, HE ATTACKS...

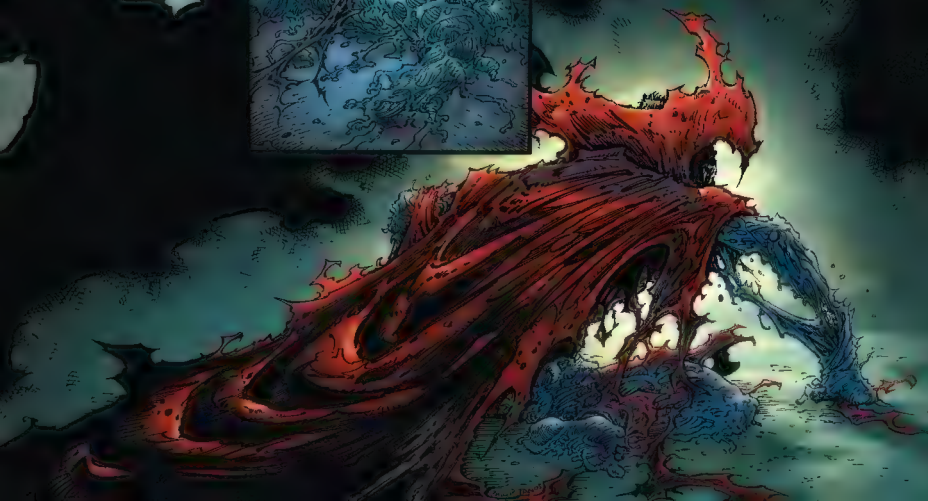
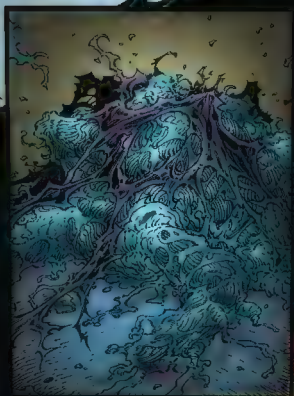
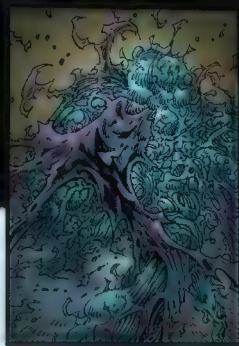
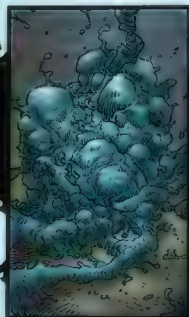
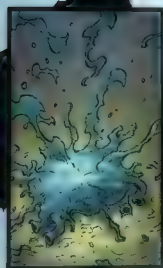


...AND THE
DISCIPLE PLUCKS
HIM FROM THE
AIR WITH AS
LITTLE EFFORT
AS HE WOULD
SWAT A FLY...

...AND THE
HELLSPAWN
NOW FEELS
PAIN...

HIS LAST CONSCIOUS
THOUGHT, BEFORE HIS FACE
IS RIPPED APART, IS THAT HE
SHOULD NEVER LISTEN TO
THE VOICES IN HIS HEAD...







snif.



IT'S ALL RIGHT,
CHRISTOPHER.

YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT
NOW.



SNIF
WHO ARE
YOU?

HOW
DO YOU
KNOW MY
NAME?



I KNOW
ALL ABOUT
YOU.

I'M CALLED
THE MAN OF
MIRACLES.

M-MIRACLES?

CAN
YOU DO
MAGIC AND
STUFF?



SOME.

WHAT
WOULD YOU
LIKE ME TO DO
FOR YOU?

I... I
THINK I'M
LOST.

I NEED
TO GO
HOME.



ALL RIGHT,
CHRISTOPHER...



...I'LL
TAKE
YOU
HOME.



THE APARTMENT
OF SAM BURKE.

NOTHING
BEATS
WUSTHOF
CUTLERY.

AS KEEN AS
A SURGEON'S
SCALPEL.

CAREFUL
DOES IT
NOW.

HAVE TO
SCOOP OUT ALL
THE FLESH WITHOUT
BREAKING THAT
DELICATE SKIN.

NOW
HOW ARE
THOSE ONIONS
COMING
ALONG?

AHHH...
THE AROMA OF
SIMMERING
EGGPLANT...

HEY, IS
DINNER READY
OR WHAT? I'M
LOSING WEIGHT
HERE!

PATIENCE,
PATIENCE.
YOU CAN'T
RUSH HAUTE
CUISINE.

YOU KNOW
I COUL'DA THROWN
TOGETHER A COUPL'A
HAMBURGERS BY
NOW.

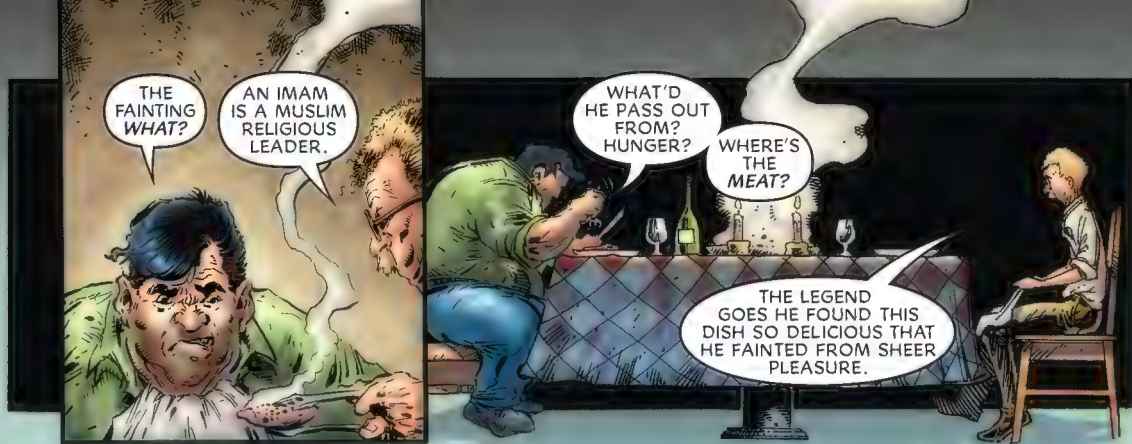


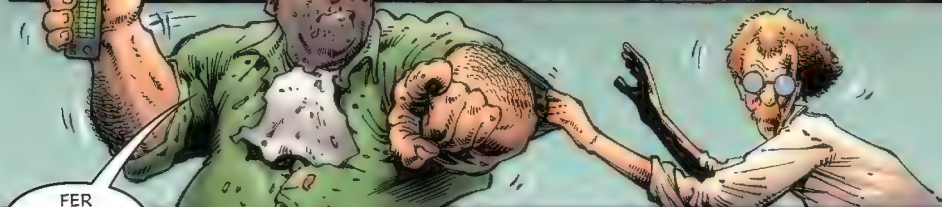
BUT THINK OF
YOUR HEART, SAMUEL,
THINK OF YOUR POOR
ABUSED ARTERIES...

GOD! I HATE IT
WHEN YOU CALL ME
SAMUEL. YOU SOUND
LIKE MY MOTHER.

--WHAT
THE HELL IS
THAT?!

THIS...
IS THE
FAINTING
IMAM.





FER
CHRIS'SAKE
SHUT UP AND
LISTEN!

SOME-
THING
SERIOUS
IS GOING
ON.

--COMING
TO YOU LIVE
FROM THIS
ASTONISHING
SCENE AT ALTON,
ILLINOIS.


BEHIND ME IS THE
CLARK BRIDGE WHERE
HIGHWAY 67 CROSSES
THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI
RIVER -- A RIVER THAT
TODAY HAS BECOME THE
FOCUS OF INTENSE
SPECULATION.



SOME EARLIER
THEORIES WERE
THAT SOME FORM
OF ALGAE MAY HAVE
CAUSED THE
DISCOLORATION OF
THE WATER. THOSE
HAVE NOW BEEN
DISMISSED.

CHEMICAL
TESTS HAVE
CONFIRMED WHAT
THE SMELL AND THE
SWARMS OF FLIES
HAVE ALREADY
SUGGESTED...



An aerial, comic-style illustration of a wide river, likely the Mississippi, flowing through a landscape. The water is a deep, vibrant red, contrasting sharply with the dark, greenish-grey banks and surrounding land. The sun is visible in the upper left, casting a bright glow and a long, shimmering reflection across the red water. The overall tone is somber and catastrophic.

THAT THE
WATERS OF
THE MISSISSIPPI
HAVE SOMEHOW
TURNED TO
BLOOD.

THAT'S RIGHT!
FROM LAKE ITASCA
TO THE GULF OF MEXICO,
OVER 2,300 MILES OF
RIVER... BILLIONS
OF CUBIC LITRES OF
BLOOD!

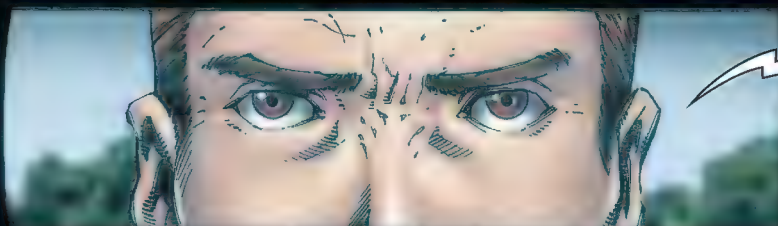
IT'S AS IF
THE PLANET
HAS OPENED UP
A TERRIBLE
WOUND. MOTHER
EARTH IS
BLEEDING...

...AND
ACCORDING
TO OUR EXPERTS,
HER BLOOD TYPE
IS AB RHESUS
NEGATIVE...



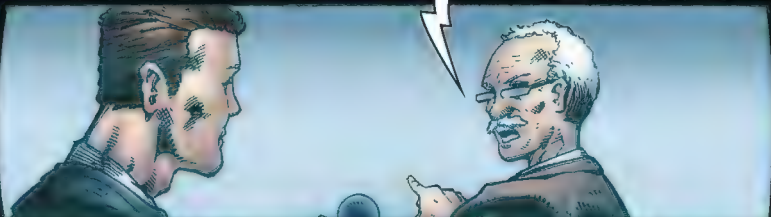
Jesus.

AB RHESUS NEGATIVE? ARE THEY SAYING IT'S--



--HUMAN BLOOD.

WE HAVE NO EXPLANATION FOR THIS REMARKABLE PHENOMENON. THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF THE WORLD COULDN'T PRODUCE ANYTHING NEAR THIS QUANTITY OF BLOOD.



RHESUS AB NEGATIVE, THAT'S A RARE BLOOD TYPE ISN'T IT?

IT WAS BEFORE TODAY.

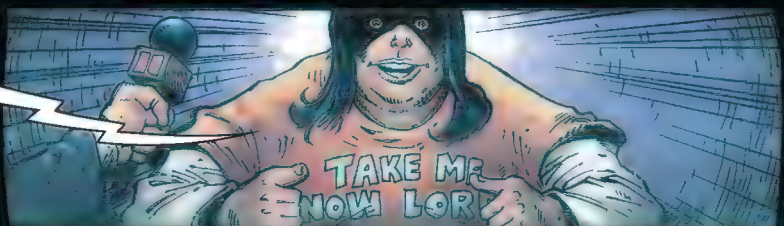



REPRESENTATIVES OF MANY RELIGIOUS GROUPS HAVE BEEN GATHERING ALL DAY...



"AND THE THIRD ANGEL Poured OUT HIS VIAL UPON THE RIVERS AND FOUNTAINS OF WATERS; AND THEY BECAME BLOOD."

I'M FEELING THE RAPTURE COMING ON!





YOU KEEP
LORD MAMMON
WAITING AND HE'LL
BE USING YOUR
GUTS TO FLOSS
HIS TEETH.

MAMMON'S
GUESTS ARE
SUMMONED...

...AND
THEY ARE
NOT RENOWNED
FOR THEIR
PATIENCE...

C'MON!
MOVE YOUR
RANCID
BUTTS!

DO YOU
HEAR
ME?

IS THIS
ALL OF
HIM?

YES UPHIR,
THAT'S THE
LOT.

UH...HE'S KINDA
MESSED UP. YOU
REALLY THINK YOU
CAN PUT HIM BACK
TOGETHER?



LORD
MAMMON
HAS DECREED
IT. SO MUST
IT BE!

UPHIR,
YOU ARE THE
MAN!

UPHIR, HE
CONNECTED
DEM DRY
BONES...

..UPHIR, HE
CONNECTED
DEM DRY
BONES...

..DEM
BONES,
DEM BONES
GONNA-
URKK!

YOU
SUPPURATING
TOAD! DISTURB MY
CONCENTRATION ONE
MORE TIME AND I'LL
EMPTY MY BOWELS
DOWN YOUR THROAT,
THEN SEW UP EVERY
ORIFICE SO YOU'LL
TASTE IT FOR AN
ETERNITY...

IS THAT
CLEAR?!!

DEM
BONES,
DEM BONES
GONNA WALK
AROUN'...



IT IS
FINISHED!

INFORM
MAMMON I HAVE
DONE AS HE
REQUIRES.



DO YOU
RECOGNIZE THIS
PLACE,
CHRISTOPHER?

YES, SIR. THIS IS
SANCTITY. IT'S MY HOMETOWN.
I LIVE RIGHT OVER THERE PAST
THE FUN FAIR.

DO YOU
REMEMBER WHAT
YOUR MOTHER
TOLD YOU?

WHAT
TIME DID
SHE TELL
YOU TO BE
HOME?

MY
MOM?
UH...

SHE SAID...
SIX. BE HOME
BY SIX
O'CLOCK.



NOW
LISTEN TO
ME, CHRIS. YOU
HAVE TO BE
HOME ON
TIME.

WHY? WHAT'S
SO IMPORTANT?

JUST BELIEVE
ME, YOUR MOTHER
NEEDS YOU HOME ON
TIME. WHATEVER
HAPPENS, DON'T BE
LATE OR SOMETHING
TERRIBLE WILL
HAPPEN.

OKAY.



I CAN'T
COME ANY
FURTHER. YOU
HAVE TO DO
THIS ON YOUR
OWN.

AM I
GOING TO
SEE YOU
AGAIN?

I
HOPE
SO.

"I'M SORRY
CHRISTOPHER.
IF I COULD
SPARE YOU
THIS, I
WOULD. IT
ISN'T JUST
YOUR
MOTHER
THAT'S
DEPENDING
ON YOU..."

"...THE
FATE OF
HUMANITY
IS NOW IN
YOUR
HANDS."



JEEZ!
WHERE IS
EVERYBODY?
MUST BE
SUNDAY, I
GUESS.



NOPE.
CAN'T BE
SUNDAY. OLD
MAN HARLAN
WOULDN'T OPEN
UP ON THE
SABBATH.



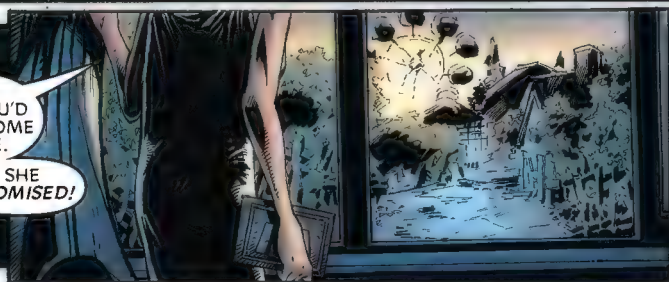
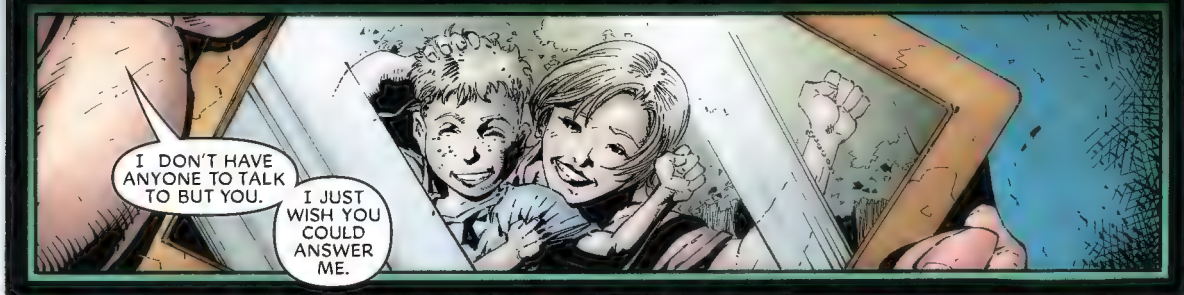
OH WOW!
CHECK OUT
THESE ACTION
FIGURES!



I'VE GOT
TIME. I CAN
BE HOME FROM
HERE IN TEN
MINUTES.



MOM'LL
BE
OKAY.





"THAT FACE.
I KNOW
THAT FACE."

WHAT'S A
MATTER? DON'T
YOU LIKE
CLOWNS?

MISTER
HARLAN?

YER RIGHT,
CLOWNS CAN
BE PRETTY DAMN
SCARY. THEY SCARE
THE CRAP OUT OF
ME, TOO!

BUT HEY,
NO WORRIES!
I AIN'T REALLY
A CLOWN.

OLD MAN
HARLAN RETIRED.
STORE'S UNDER NEW
MANAGEMENT.

NAME'S
BILLY KINCAID.
BUT MY FRIENDS
CALL ME CHILL
BILL.

CHILL
AS IN
COOL.

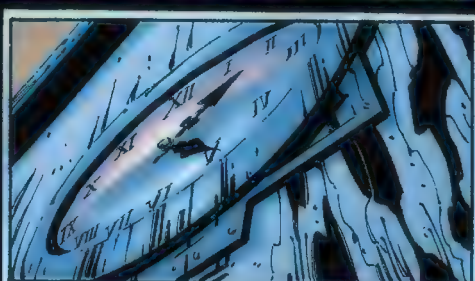
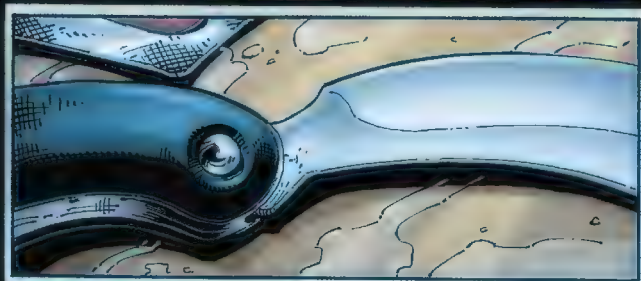
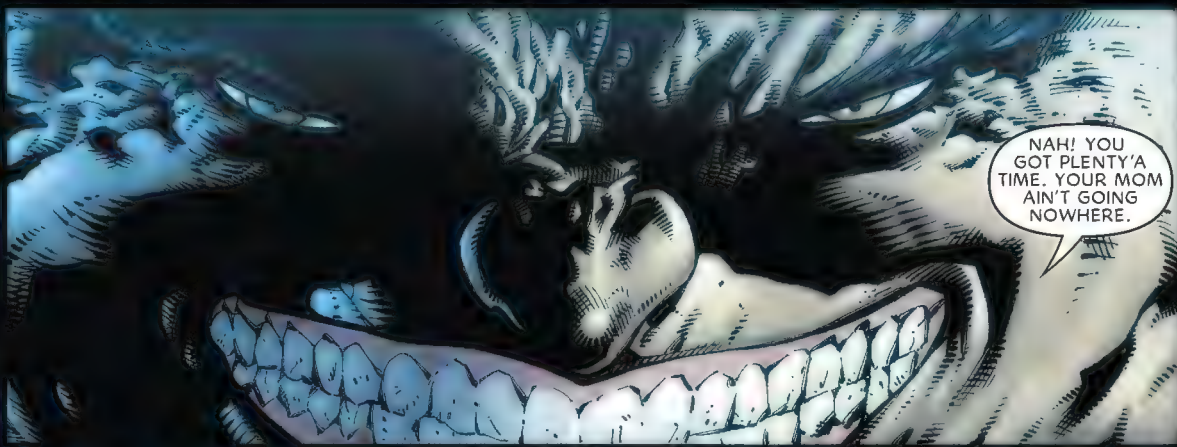
YOU
KNOW WHAT,
KID?... I AM SO
COOL I'VE BEEN
KNOWN TO PEE
ICE CUBES!

HAH! I
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE
THINKING.

"O-O-W-W-W-C-CH!"

AM I
RIGHT?

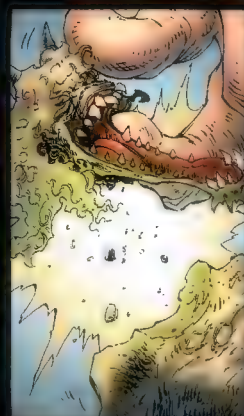
I THINK
I SHOULD GO:
MY MOM'S
WAITING FOR
ME.



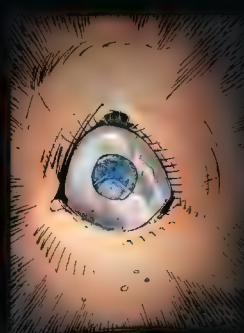
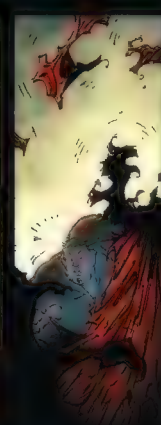
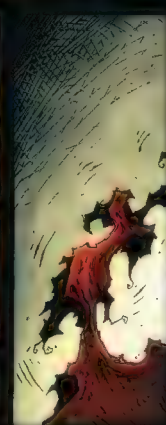


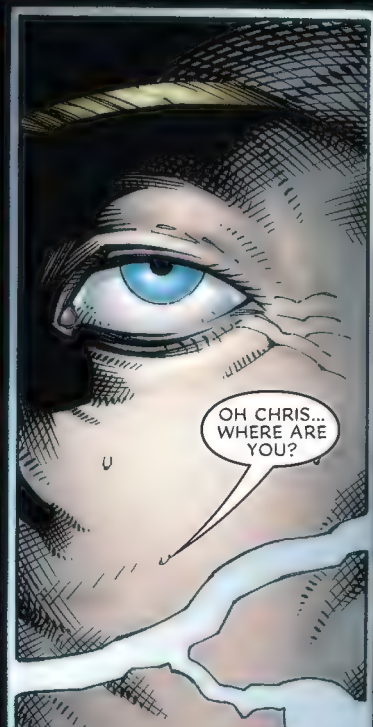
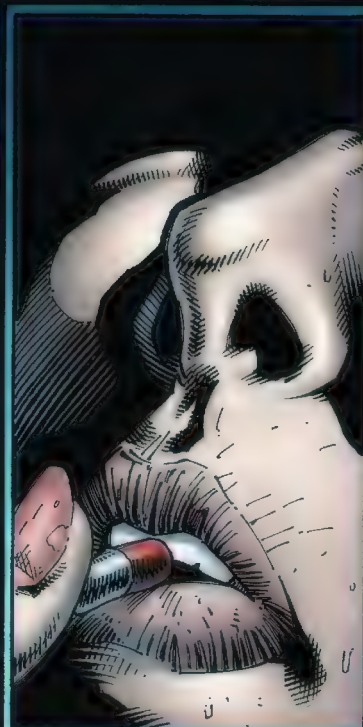
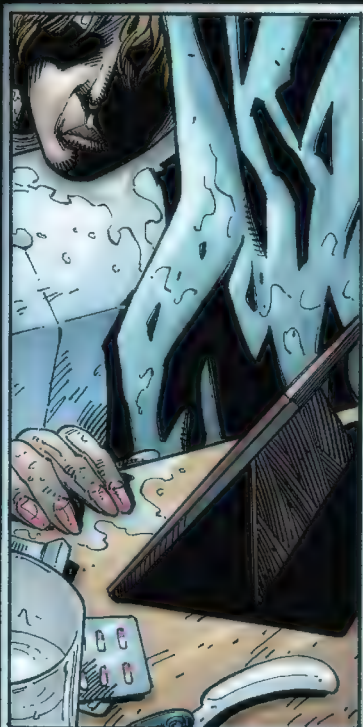
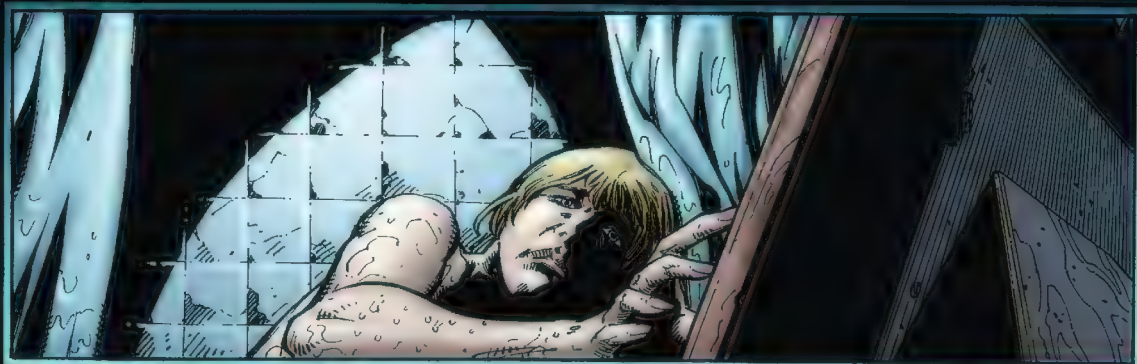
YOU LIKE THIS, SUCKER? MALEBOLGIA, LORD OF THE EIGHTH CIRCLE OF HELL.

LOOKS PRETTY MEAN, DON'T HE?



MALEBOLGIA?





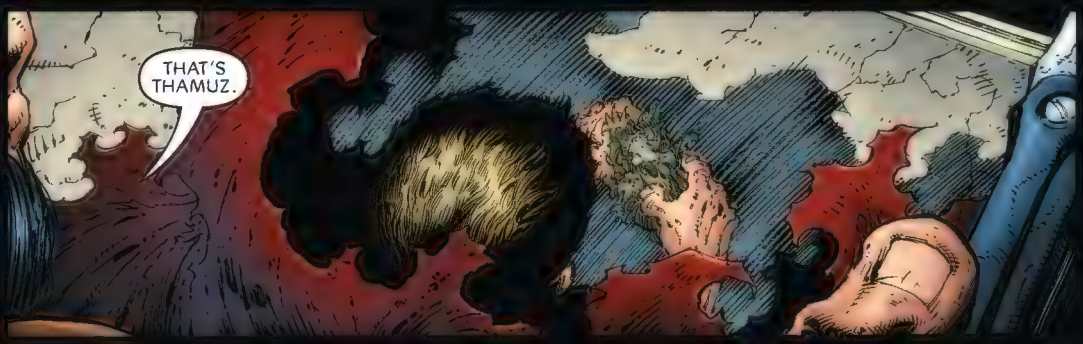


WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE? HE LOOKS TOTALLY EVIL!

OH, GOOD CHOICE!



THAT'S THAMUZ.




HELL'S AMBASSADOR...



WHERE IS THE HELLSPAWN?!!





HERE,
THAMUZ. I
DID MY BEST WITH
HIM: HIS HEART IS
THE ONLY THING
MISSING.

MISSING?

CERIL
AND HIS
SCAVENGERS
APPARENTLY
MISLAID
IT.

FORGIVE
US, LORD
MAMMON.

MAMMON?



DOES
IT
LIVE?

MAMMON!

APPARENTLY
SIMMONS DOES NOT
REQUIRE A HEART
TO EXIST.

SIMMONS
ISN'T HERE
ANYMORE.
I AM SPAWN,
NOTHING BUT A
SPAWN!

OH BUT
THAT ISN'T TRUE,
IS IT? THERE IS
MUCH MORE TO
YOU THAN A MERE
HELLSPAWN.

AND WE
INTEND TO
EXTRACT ALL
THE SECRETS
YOU ARE
CONCEALING
FROM US.

HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN,
MAMMON? YOU
TRIED TO BREAK
ME ONCE
BEFORE.

I PUT MY
MARK ON YOU
THEN SO YOU
WOULD NEVER
FORGET.



ENOUGH!

IT IS I TO
WHOM YOU WILL
ANSWER. AND WHEN
I AM DONE, YOU WILL
BEG TO REVEAL
EVERY SORDID
SECRET THAT LURKS
IN THE DARKEST,
FORGOTTEN
CORNER OF YOUR
SOUL.

I AM
THAMUZ,
MASTER OF
TORTURES!

LOOK
AROUND YOU,
HELLSPAWN. SEE
WHAT I HAVE
SUMMONED
HERE...



BEHOLD YOUR
INQUISITORS!!





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE